



THE SONG CALLED
**WILLIAM AND JANE ON THE
 BANKS OF CLYDE**

One fine summers morning as I went a walking,
 Along by the banks of the sweet wind & tide
 In ambush I lay where two lovers were talking
 And comely the streamlets doddle dly glide
 A young sailor stood by who to me seem'd a stranger,
 He says fairest creature I came from a'far
 So dont be offend'd or think it a danger,
 To walk by the side of a jolly young tar

O just as you say love is you'r green flow'ers
 Will soon droop their heads and will wither and die
 But let us away love from beneath the e'gay flow'ers
 And in Hyman's lands join in sweet unity
 Perhaps that young William that you love so dearly
 Is now join'd in wedlock in some foreign clime
 And if that be the case you have lost him forever
 So to give me your hand love I hope you'r inclin'd

She says sir excuse me I have to return
 And unto these green fields I must now bid adieu
 The humble request that you seem to desire
 That favour kind sir to another is due
 Should flow'ers decay in the cold stormy weather
 Springs gentle breeze's again will restore
 While this tender heart remains in my bosom
 Should he be inconstant I'll always prove true

Kind sir she replied to tell you sincerely
 The cloathing you wear it is dear to me
 Since faithful young Willy whom I love sincerely
 Do sail on the Ocean to some foreign port
 The bp' cruel fortune we were separated
 Yet constant I'd prove should ne'er see him more
 While yonder green hills with flow'ers decorated
 My own dearest William I'll always adore

The tears from his eyes they did flow with affection
 The sunburnt raze has changed his complexion
 Which has caus'd young Jane for to wonder awhile
 She pass'd and she gaz'd with an eye of affection
 His former disguise he no longer could hide
 So at length she exclaim'd with joy beyond measure
 A you are my dear William
 You are welcome to your Jane on the banks of the Clyde

O Jane what is the reason you seem'd not to know me
 And then from his pocket a small purse he drew
 Saying here's fifty guineas my dear I'd bestow you
 When you proved in my absence so loyal and true
 And since that kind fortune has brought us together
 To morrow my darling I'll make you my bride
 And when that we are bound to part I'll never
 And I'll live with my Jane on the banks of the Clyde